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DAREDEVIL

VOODOO
VENGEANCE!



MATT'S DEAD AND
I KILLED HIM.

HOW COULD IT BE? ONE
MOMENT HIS GLOVE IS FILLED...

FILLED WITH HIS
LIVING, LOVING...
FIST...

AND NOW IT'S
EMPTY AND
BLOODY AND
HE MUST BE
DEAD.

I DID IT, I TOLD
HIM I HATED HIS
VIOLENCE, I BEGGED
AND BADGERED
HIM TO STOP...

WAS I SO WRONG?
MATT CAN BE SO
GENTLE! YET WHEN HE
TOUCHES ME I CAN'T HELP
BUT TO THINK OF HOW HE
GOES OUT AT NIGHT AS
DAREDEVIL AND THOSE
SAME LOVING HANDS
HIT PEOPLE.

I WAS BEGINNING...
TO NOT LIKE HIS
TOUCH--I HAD TO
STOP HIM!

AM I REALLY
SO SELFISH?
I WANTED HIS HANDS
CLEAN FOR ME--AND
THAT MAY HAVE GOTTEN
HIM KILLED.

THIS GLOVE...DAREDEVIL'S
GLOVE--IT GIVES ME STRENGTH.
WHY? IT IS A GLOVE FOR A FIST.
FOR POWER, AND I NEED ITS
POWER. WHY AM I SO SUPER-
STITIOUS? HOW CAN A PIECE
OF CLOTH HELP? BUT IT WILL.

OH, LORD, THE BLOOD ON
THE GLOVE, I FEEL SICK...
WHO DID IT HIT? WHO DID
HE HIT? IT MAKES ME SICK...

MATT! I'LL FIND YOU--
PLEASE, BE ALIVE...

Stan Lee Presents:

TOUCH ME

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AND A FEW BLOCKS AWAY, STILL
IN HELL'S KITCHEN, NEW YORK...

THE SUN BEGINS TO RISE,
LIGHT AND WARMTH REACH-
ING OUT LIKE GENTLE
FINGERTIPS TOUCHING
EVERYTHING IN THEIR PATH...



WHERE AM I?
WHAT HAPPENED?

GOT TO GET
UP, GET GOING.

WHAT
HAPPENED?

I WAS
HIT.

"HIT WITH A JACK-
HAMMER, OR WAS IT A
FIST?"

... THEN HE WENT
FOR MY GUT. HE MUST
HAVE PUNCHED MY LIVER
SOMEPLACE IT DOESN'T
BELONG.

HIS EYES WERE BLACK
BULLET HOLES... HIS
SCREAMS FELT LIKE
THEY WERE STRIP-
PING MY SKIN
OFF.

"THEN HE THREW ME
AT A WALL."

"SNAPPED MY HEAD BACK
LIKE A BROKEN TWIG, I
COULDN'T LIFT IT BACK,
MY THROAT CLOSED..."

"AFTER THAT...
I DON'T KNOW."

DRUG DEALERS. I WAS AFTER THAT
HAITIAN DRUG DEALER.

RIGHT. BUT THEN... KAREN, SHE TOLD ME TO
STOP FIGHTING. SHE TOLD ME TO COLLECT
EVIDENCE AND TURN
HIM INTO THE
COPS.



YEAH.
AND THAT
COP BUCKO
LEARY HE
TOLD ME TOO,
TOLD ME TO
DO IT PEACE-
FULLY,
LEGALLY,
DO IT
THEIR
WAY.

IT ALMOST
GOT ME
KILLED.

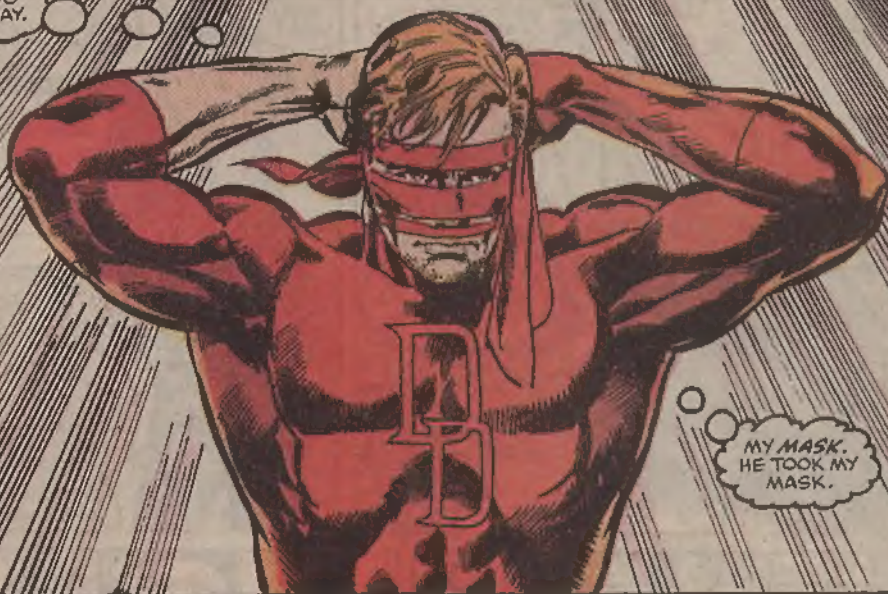


THAT THING
THAT HIT ME--
HE HAD A STENCH
I'LL NEVER FORGET,
IT ALMOST BURNED
OUT MY NOSE.

BUT I STILL HAVE
MY SUPER-SENSES,
I'LL SMELL HIM OUT,
IF HE'S ANYWHERE IN
THIS CITY, I'LL FIND
HIM AND HE'LL GET
WHAT HE DESERVES.

I DID IT
THEIR WAY.

NOW I DO
IT MY WAY.



MY MASK.
HE TOOK MY
MASK.

AND MY GLOVE. MY
HAND DOESN'T SEEM
TO WORK ANYMORE.
WHERE'S MY GLOVE?

I'LL GET HIM AND
HIS HAITIAN DEALER
FRIEND. THEY USE
VOODOO TO CON-
TROL THE DRUG
TRADE.

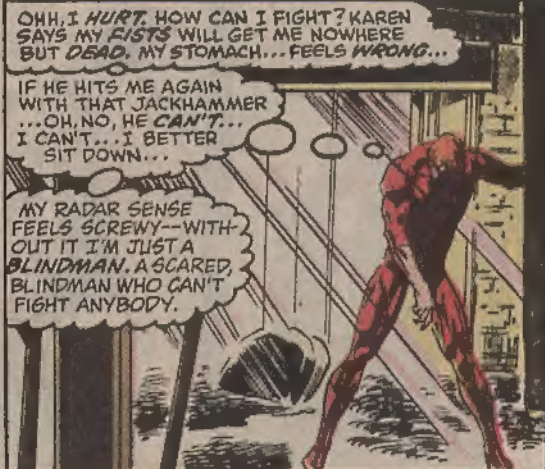
I GOT SOME
VOODOO OF
MY OWN...



OH, I HURT. HOW CAN I FIGHT? KAREN
SAYS MY FISTS WILL GET ME NOWHERE
BUT DEAD. MY STOMACH... FEELS WRONG...

IF HE HITS ME AGAIN
WITH THAT JACKHAMMER
...OH, NO, HE CAN'T...
I CAN'T... I BETTER
SIT DOWN...

MY RADAR SENSE
FEELS SCREWY--WITH-
OUT IT I'M JUST A
BLINDMAN. A SCARED,
BLINDMAN WHO CAN'T
FIGHT ANYBODY.



RECEIVING

ERIC!
HAAAAA

HEY! SHUT THAT
TUBE OFF!

WHAT?

ERIC, RIGHT? LOOK, YOU WERE SCREAMIN' SICK FROM BAD DOPE, AND WHO SAVED YOUR LIFE?

UH...DARE-
DEVIL DID.

HE'S IN TROUBLE,
OR WORSE! YOU'VE
GOT TO HELP, YOU
OWE HIM...

AW,
NO...

PLEASE, LADY,
NO GUILT TRIP,
AWRIGHT? I'LL
HELP.

**YOU
WILL?**

SURE. JUST LET ME GET MY PANTS ON. DAREDEVIL'S COOL, MAN, BE A TRIP TO SAVE HIS RED BUTT.

UHM...MY
NAME'S KAREN.

SO YOU
KNOW THE
HAITIAN
DEALER?

**DANNY
GUITAR?
I RAN DRUGS
FOR HIM.
HIS HEAD'S ALL
BENT FROM
VOODOO.**

HE TRIED TO STICK PINS IN
ME. I HATE THAT GUY.

TAKE ME TO HIM--

UH, SMILE
FOR THE NICE
NURSEY, KAREN.

WHERE
YOU GOIN',
BOY? YOUR
MAMMA
TOLD ME
I BETTER
WATCH
YOU...

RUN!

НАНА
НА!

ERIC! YOU'RE STILL TOO SICK!

YEAR

COOL OUT, LADY, YOU TOO NEUROTIC. THOUGHT YOU KNEW DAREDEVIL, STREET DON'T CALL HIM "THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR" FOR NOTHING! WE BE FINE, YOU'LL SEE.

YOU SURE YOU KNOW HIM?

YES.

BUT THERE'RE THINGS I CAN'T TELL YOU, ERIC. WHAT WORRIES ME IS HIS GLOVE. SOMEONE PLANTED IT IN OUR HOME, MATT'S HOME. THAT MEANS WHO-EVER WERE UP AGAINST KNOWS DAREDEVIL AND MATT ARE THE SAME MAN!

AND THEY LEFT THE BLOODY RED GLOVE FOR ME TO FIND, TO SCARE ME OFF, YOU'D BE NERVOUS TOO, KID. WHAT I DON'T GET IS WHY ARE THEY AFRAID OF ME?

COME ON, ERIC, NOTHING'S HAPPENING. I THOUGHT YOU WERE CONNECTED.

I AM, CHILL OUT, I SEE MY MAN. BE RIGHT BACK.

LATER... CHANGE A PLANS, LADY, DANNY GUITAR'S GONE KAMIKAZI, HE'S HITTING UP THE CRACKHOUSES AND STARTIN' AN UNDERGROUND WAR.

GOOD WORD HAS IT HE'S HITTING THE BIGGEST WAREHOUSE TONIGHT, WAY OUTTA OUR LEAGUE, LADY-- WE'RE UP AGAINST A DEATH MACHINE.

GUITAR TRIED TO CONTROL ME WITH BAD DRUGS AND HIS VODOO GARBAGE. I'M ON A MISSION TO SEE HIM DEAD.

SO DON'T LAUGH, BUT I THINK WE GOTTA GO TO THE COPS. MY MAMMA TOLD ME ABOUT THIS COP, SUCKO...

...AND WE KNOW WHERE GUITAR'S GOING TO HIT NEXT!

BUT IF WE TELL YOU, YOU HAVE TO PROMISE YOU MAKE IT THE PRIORITY OF YOUR WHOLE FORCE TO FIND DAREDEVIL.

EASY, LADY! YOU'RE PREACHING TO THE CONVERTED! THIS IS THE BREAK WE'VE BEEN PRAYING FOR!

I WANT GUITAR.

HEY, DIS GUY'S DRAMATIC.

NOW, LET'S GO!

I LIKE DAREDEVIL, BUT I DON'T LIKE HIS VIOLENT WAYS.

I'LL FIND HIM, AND I'LL TEACH HIM A LESSON.

IF HE'D COME TO THE POLICE IN THE FIRST PLACE, HE WOULDN'T BE IN THIS TROUBLE.

HE'S GOT TO LEARN--

--TO USE LEGAL CHANNELS INSTEAD OF HIS OWN TWO FISTS. TWO LITTLE CLENCHED FISTS ARE NOTHING, ABOUT AS POTENT AS A BABY'S AGAINST THESE THINGS.

WE'LL STAKE OUT THIS WAREHOUSE AND WAIT FOR IT.

A TEN-MAN TEAM WITH HEAVY ARTILLERY SHOULD DO IT. THE MORE MANPOWER YOU HAVE, THE LESS LIKELY THINGS WILL GET VIOLENT.

WITH POLICE PROTECTION, WE COULD HAVE HAD THIS GUY ALREADY WITHOUT BLOODSHED.

UH-HUH.

LET ME GO LET
ME GO LET ME GO!

JUST WANNA PULL UP
MY ROOTS AN' RUN AN'
THEY'RE TRYIN' TO YANK
ME BACK TO THE GROUND,
BACK TO WHERE I DON'T
WANNA GO.

THEY RUINED MY HOME
...THEY DROVE A SPIKE
RIGHT THROUGH MY
TELEPHONE... THEY
THINK THEIR VOODOO
CAN STOP PROGRESS...

THOSE ARE THE OLD
WAYS, THEY WON'T MAKE
IT IN THE MODERN
WORLD, THEY'RE BEIN'
LEFT BEHIND...

...THEY DROVE
A SPIKE INTO EACH
ONE A MY SHOES...

LET ME GO...
LET ME GO...

THIS IS NEW
YORK, YOU'RE
ALL FAR
AWAY IN HAITI,
YOU CAN'T TOUCH
DANNY GUITAR
HERE...

"I LEFT YOU ALL BEHIND THAT NIGHT..."

"I WAS ONE OF THEM,
I WAS PART OF IT, AND
YET I FELT REMOVED,
ENCLOSED, AS IF MY
VISION PUSHED UPON
A PANE OF GLASS.

"MAMBO, THE
HIGH PRIESTESS,
LED THE CHANT.

"SHE SPOKE OF SNAKES
BITING THEIR OWN TAILS
AND VAST WATERS TO
CROSS AND OF BLOOD
FLOWING FROM DEATH INTO
LIFE, ALL THIS AND MORE
AS THE SOULS OF OUR
ANCESTORS STEAMED IN
THE POTS BEHIND HER.

"LONG LIQUID NOTES
GUSHED OUT OF HER
MOUTH, A CUP OVER-
FLOWING.

"THEY ALL JOINED IN, THEIR VOICES BOILING AND
BUBBLING LIKE AN OVERCOOKED STEW. I MOUTHED
THE WORDS BUT ALL SOUND DIED IN MY THROAT.

"I FELT THEIR EXCITEMENT RISE, THEIR HEARTS FLUTTERED
LIKE BATS, THEIR MINDS SCURRED LIKE RATS, THE WAILING
SOUNDS JOINED THE WIND AND ALCHEMIZED INTO MOVEMENT
-- THE VERY AIR BEGAN TO SHIVER IN ANTICIPATION.

"AND I BEGAN TO BURN LIKE A TORCH,
I ACHED TO BLAST MY LIGHT ON THEM,
THE LIGHT OF REASON, AND EXPOSE
THEIR LIES...

"THEN
THE
GROUND
MOVED..."

"THE VOICES PEAKED AND JOINED FORCES WITH THE AIR,
WIND AND EARTH, THE MAGNETISM PULLING..."

"...PULLING THE LONG BONES OUT OF
THE EARTH AS IF SLOWLY DRAWING UP
THE ROOTS OF A LONG DEAD TREE..."

"I SAW THEM YET I REFUSED
TO SEE THEM..."

"THEIR MOVEMENTS OVER-
DRAMATIC EXAGGERATED
MOCKERIES OF HUMAN
MOVEMENT..."

"...GODLESS BLASPHEMIES--

"--MAMBO'S TRIUMPH.

"SHE WAS RAISING
THE DEAD..."

"AND I BEGAN
TO SCREAM..."



"WHAT I UTTERED WAS NOT HUMAN EITHER, AS IF A WELL BURST THROUGH, A GEYSER SHOT UP, I COULD HEAR MY OWN VOICE AS IF CARRIED TO ME FROM A GREAT DISTANCE..."

"I SPOKE ALL THE NAMES, THE UNUTTERABLE NAMES, THE UNSPEAKABLE NAMES..."



"AS AN INITIATE I KNEW ALL THE SECRETS, AND I VIOLATED EVERY SACRED TABOO..."



"THEY TRIED TO STOP THE FLOW OF MOLTEN WORDS BUT I BROKE AWAY AND RAN... I RAN OVER THE GREAT OCEANS TO THE MODERN WORLD... I LEFT THEM BEHIND..."

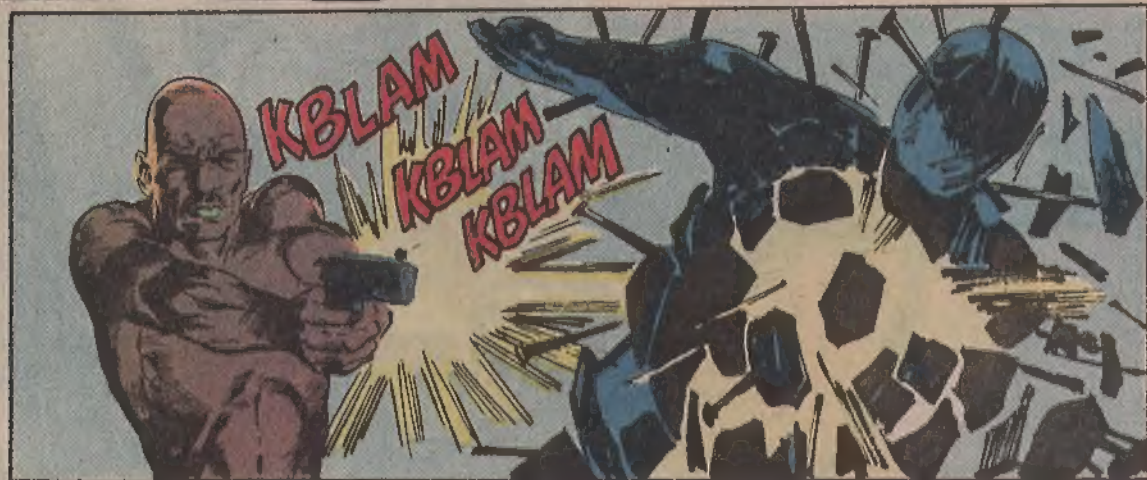


THEY HAVE NO POWER OVER ME ANYMORE.



THEIR VOODOO CANNOT BREATHE IN THE MODERN WORLD...

THEIR VOODOO IS NOTHING AGAINST HOT LEAD BULLETS!!



FORTUNE TELLER

SURVIVE, GOTTA SURVIVE.

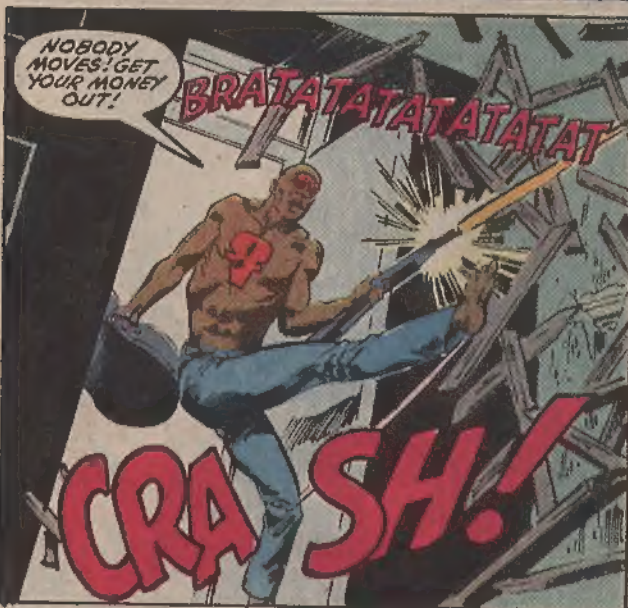
GOTTA GET MONEY, GO
WHERE NO ONE CAN
TOUCH ME.



NOBODY
MOVES! GET
YOUR MONEY
OUT!

BRATATATATATAT

CRA SH!



LOSE YOUR SHIRT, DANNY GUITAR?

ALL OF
IT. MONEY,
DRUGS, I
WANT ALL
OF IT.



YOU GO TOO FAR,
DANNY. YOUR VOODOO
HELPED CONTROL THE
DRUG TRAFFIC. YOUR
CONNECTIONS WERE
THE BEST.

BUT EVEN YOU ARE EXPEND-
ABLE. AND EVEN OUR BUSINESS
HAS LAWS THAT CANNOT BE
BROKEN.

THIS GUN IS LAW. IT BLOWS
EVERYTHING ELSE AWAY.

YOU'RE A DEAD
MAN, DANNY GUITAR.

WHAT'S THAT
PAINT ON YOUR
FACE? MORE OF YOUR
FASCISTIC VOODOO
TACTICS?



WHAT PAINT?
WHAT VOODOO?



SHUT
UP!

BRATATA



ELSEWHERE IN NEW YORK...

THE
QUEST.

YES, YOU LEARN QUICKLY. NOTHING MUST HARM OUR
QUEST INTO THE UNKNOWN. HAVE YOU PRIMED DANNY
GUITAR?

I DRAGGED
HIS APARTMENT
BACK TO THE RIT-
UAL GROUND.

GOOD NOW
YOU SHALL
SEE THE POWER
OF FEAR. IF YOU
HAVE TRULY MADE
HIM AFRAID, WE
CAN SIT BACK
AND WATCH GUITAR
DESTROY HIM-
SELF.

AND THE REDMAN?
THE DAREDEVIL?

HE BELIEVES
HIS FISTS ARE
USELESS.

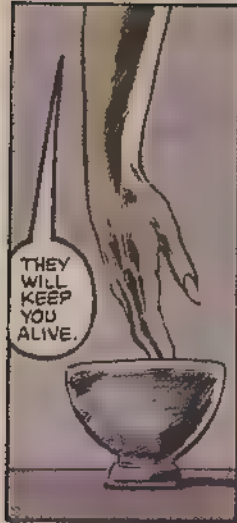
GOOD, ALL HE
HAD WAS HIS
VIOLENCE. WITH-
OUT IT, HE CRUMBLES.

MATT.

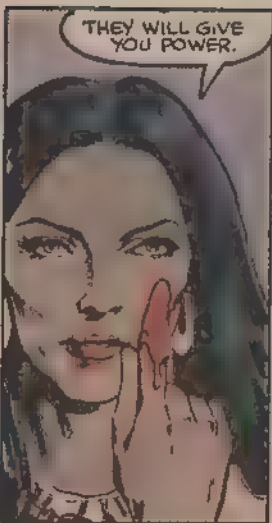
YES, I DIVINED THE REDMAN'S NAME TO BE MATT, AS I
HAVE DIVINED THE NAMES OF THE SACRED FETISHES TO
GIVE YOU POWER. TO KNOW ONE'S SECRET NAME IS TO
HAVE POWER OVER HIM.

YOU HAVE NO SECRET
NAME, NO ONE MAY
HARM YOU. YOU ARE
THE NAMELESS ONE,
THE DEAD ONE, YOU
CANNOT DIE.

THESE POTS
CONTAIN THE
SOULS OF
THE DEAD
PRIESTS AND
PRIESTESSES.



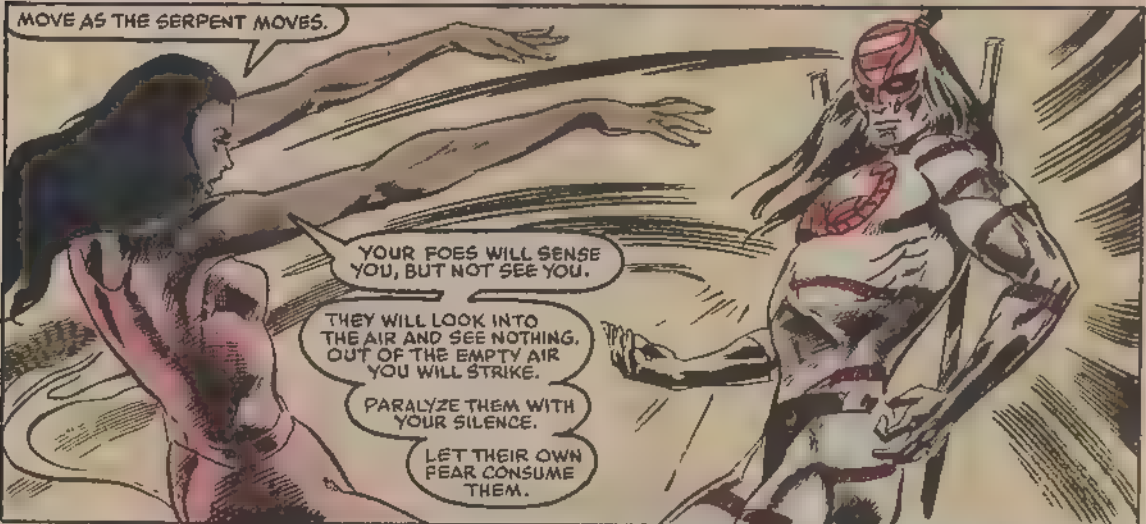
THEY
WILL
KEEP
YOU
ALIVE.



THEY WILL GIVE
YOU POWER.



WEAR THE MASK OF FEAR AND
DO NOT BE AFRAID, FOR YOU ARE
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR.



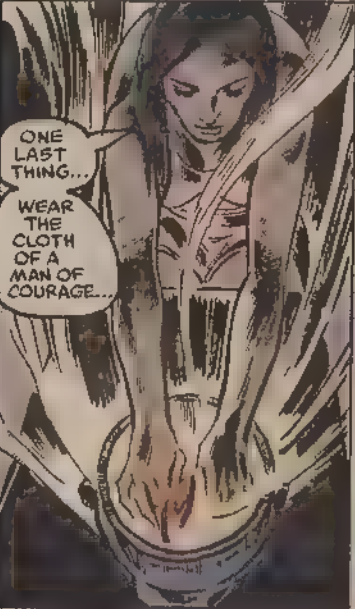
MOVE AS THE SERPENT MOVES.

YOUR FOES WILL SENSE
YOU, BUT NOT SEE YOU.

THEY WILL LOOK INTO
THE AIR AND SEE NOTHING.
OUT OF THE EMPTY AIR
YOU WILL STRIKE.

PARALYZE THEM WITH
YOUR SILENCE.

LET THEIR OWN
FEAR CONSUME
THEM.

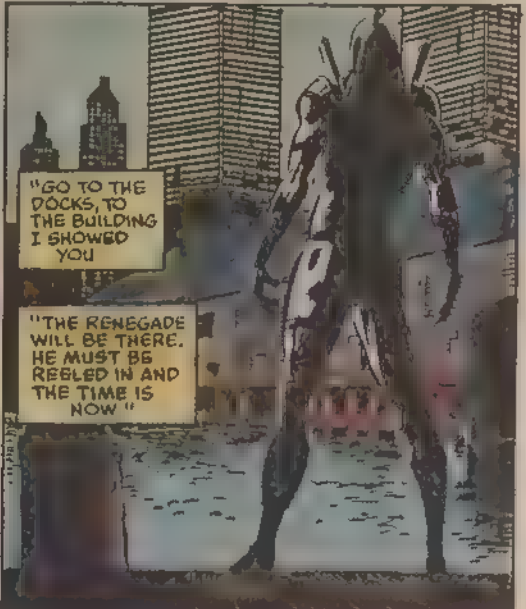


ONE
LAST
THING...

WEAR
THE
CLOTH
OF A
MAN OF
COURAGE...



...AND YOU
STEAL HIS
COURAGE.



"GO TO THE
DOCKS, TO
THE BUILDING
I SHOWED
YOU

"THE RENEGADE
WILL BE THERE.
HE MUST BE
REGLED IN AND
THE TIME IS
NOW "

A RUNDOWN WAREHOUSE
ON THE DOCKS NEAR
HELL'S KITCHEN.

IT IS FULL OF DUSTY STOCK
THAT HASN'T LEFT THE SHELVES
IN A DECADE.

BUT THERE IS MUCH MOVEMENT HERE, FOR
EVERY NIGHT THE CARGO SHIPS PULL IN AND
ONE IMPORT IS UNLOADED AND DISTRIBUTED
THROUGHOUT THE CITY.

WHITE CRYSTALLINE POWDER, HEAVENLY
ANGELIC SNOW, PRECIOUS PRICE-
LESS POISON--

COCAINE.

DANNY GUITAR'S LIVELIHOOD. HE
WAS GOING TO USE HIS HOT-LEAD
BULLETS TO TAKE TONIGHT'S SHIP-
MENT, TAKE THE SHIPMENT BY
FORCE AND RUN.

BUT TONIGHT ALL
HE FINDS IS A
PRETERNATURAL
SILENCE.

WHERE
ARE YOU?

COME OUT,
YOU LOWLIFE
SCUM, BEFORE
I BLOW YOU
OUT!

I FEEL IT,
SOMETHING
IS HERE.

COME
ON! MY
TRIGGER
FINGER'S
GETTING
RESTLESS!

I GENSE
IT...
NEARBY.

FREEZE GUITAR!
YOU'RE UNDER
ARREST!

COME ON, DROP
THE GUN, YOU'RE
SURROUNDED!

BLA
BLA
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
EAT
BULLETS,
PIGS

BLAM!

ARRRRHGH!

GOOD JOB, BOYS



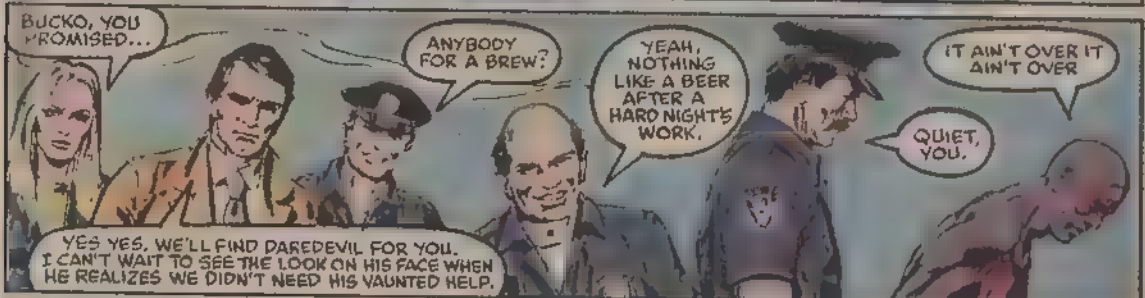
DO YOU SEE NOW KAREN?
AN INMAAL EFFORT ANINMAL
VIOLENCE WRAP THE WHOLE
THING UP MY MEN DO CLEAN
EFFICIENT WORK. NOBODY
GETS HURT.

MY HAND.
CAN'T
MOVE MY
HAND!

YOU'LL
BE FINE
BUB

WELL, I'M
HEADIN'
STRAIGHT
MARSHAL'S
DINNER WARM.

DAREDEVIL WOULD HAVE BEAT
THIS GUY TO A PULP



BUCKO, YOU
PROMISED...

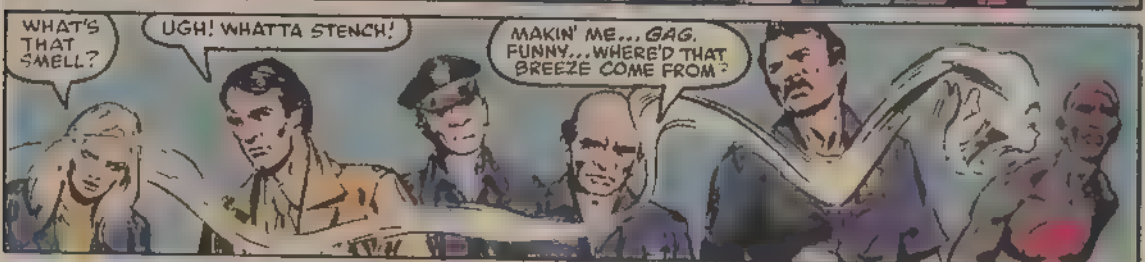
ANYBODY
FOR A BREW?

YEAH,
NOTHING
LIKE A BEER
AFTER A
HARD NIGHT'S
WORK.

IT AIN'T OVER IT
AIN'T OVER

QUIET,
YOU.

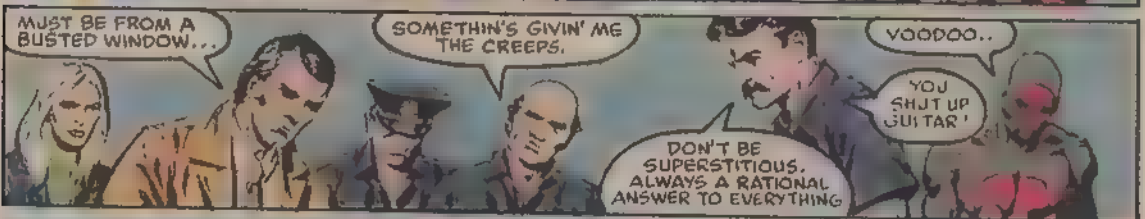
YES YES, WE'LL FIND DAREDEVIL FOR YOU.
I CAN'T WAIT TO SEE THE LOOK ON HIS FACE WHEN
HE REALIZES WE DIDN'T NEED HIS VAUNTED HELP.



WHAT'S
THAT
SMELL?

UGH! WHATTA STENCH!

MAKIN' ME... GAG.
FUNNY... WHERE'D THAT
BREEZE COME FROM?



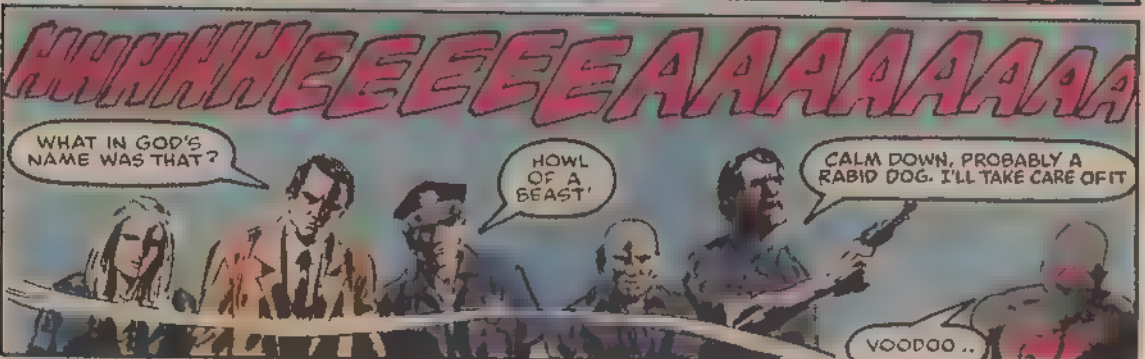
MUST BE FROM A
BUSTED WINDOW...

SOMETHIN'S GIVIN' ME
THE CREEPS.

VOODOO...

YOU
SHJT UP
GUITAR!

DON'T BE
SUPERSTITIOUS.
ALWAYS A RATIONAL
ANSWER TO EVERYTHING

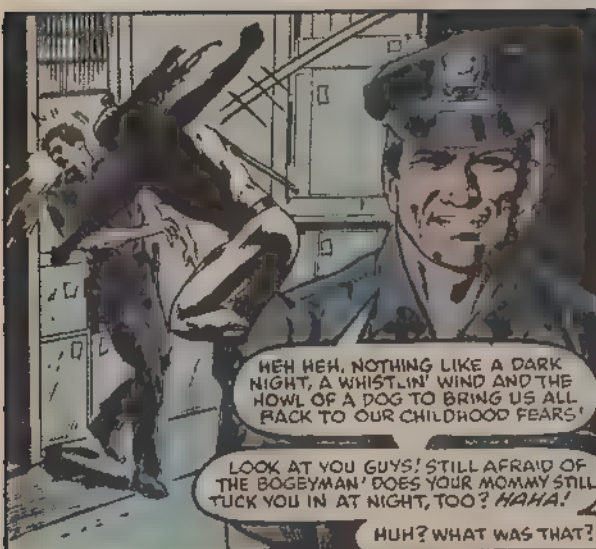


WHAT IN GOD'S
NAME WAS THAT?

HOWL
OF A
BEAST!

CALM DOWN, PROBABLY A
RABID DOG. I'LL TAKE CARE OF IT

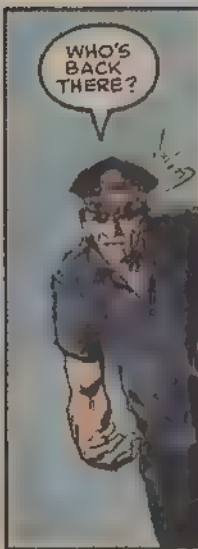
VOODOO ..



HEH HEH, NOTHING LIKE A DARK NIGHT, A WHISTLIN' WIND AND THE HOWL OF A DOG TO BRING US ALL BACK TO OUR CHILDHOOD FEARS!

LOOK AT YOU GUYS! STILL AFRAID OF THE BOGEYMAN? DOES YOUR MOMMY STILL TUCK YOU IN AT NIGHT, TOO? HAHA!

HUH? WHAT WAS THAT?



WHO'S BACK THERE?



UKGKK!



CRASH!

CHUCK?!

CHUCK!

OH, NO.

OH, NO.

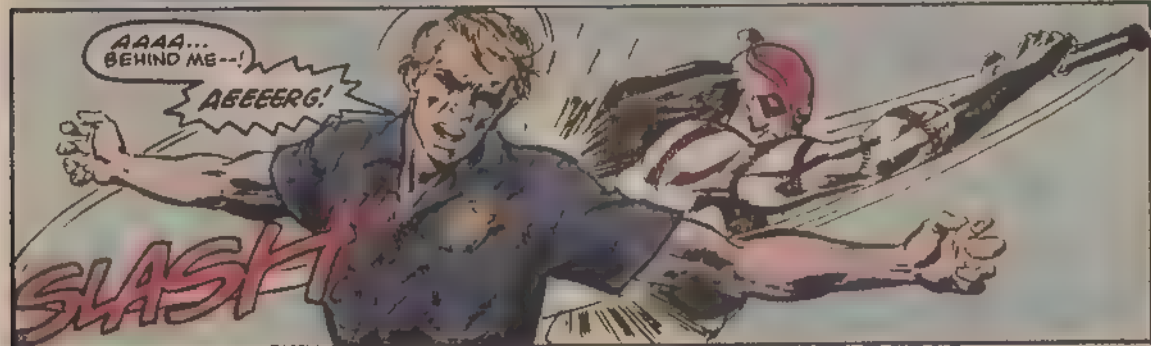
OH, NO.



WHO'S THERE?

I SEE IT! OVER HERE! HURRY!

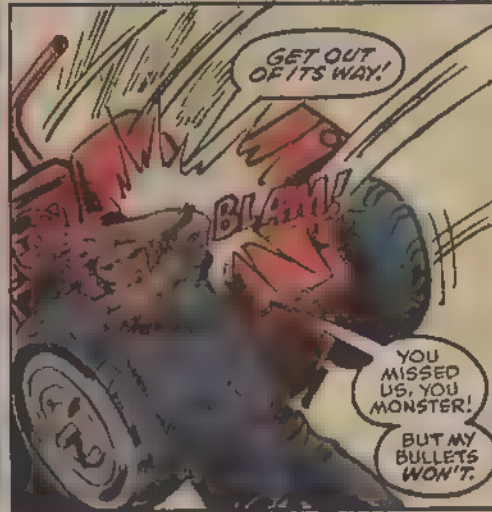
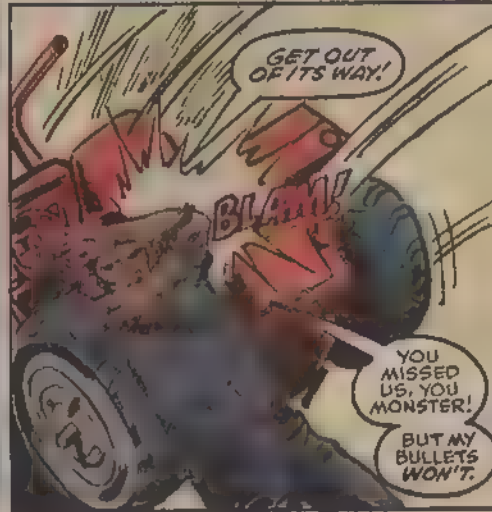
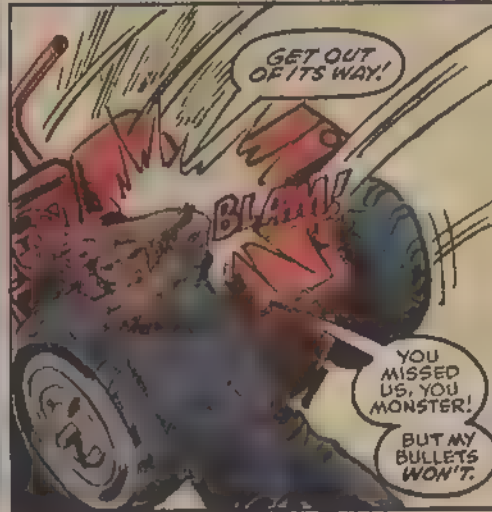
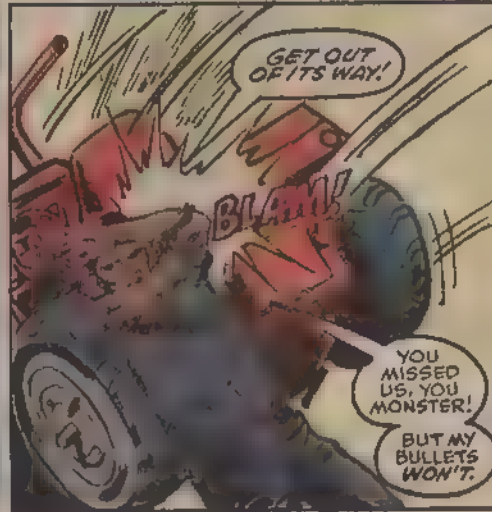
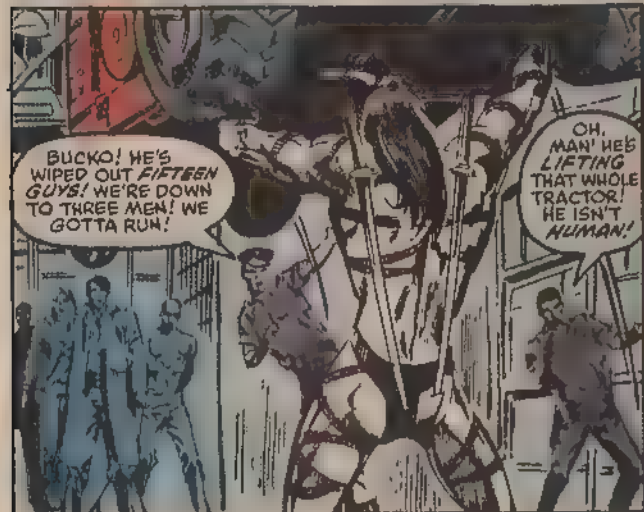
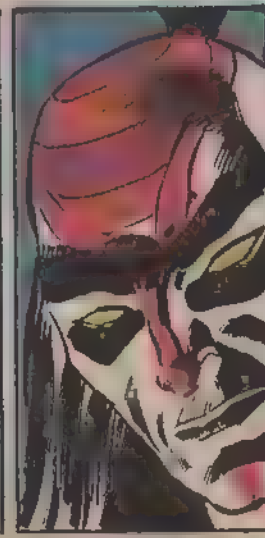
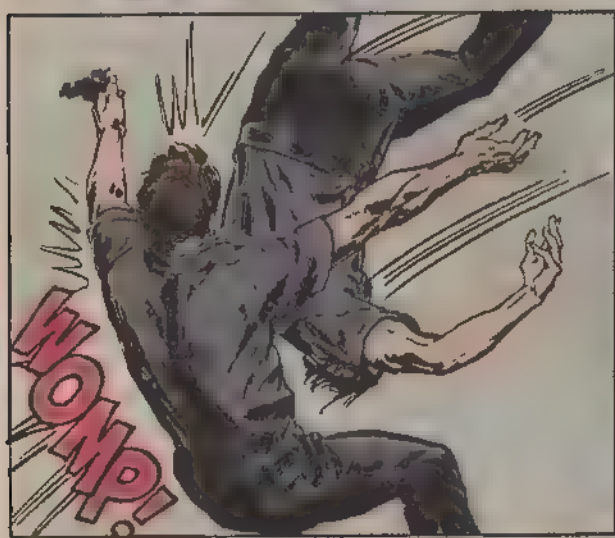
IT'S RIGHT IN FRONT OF ME!

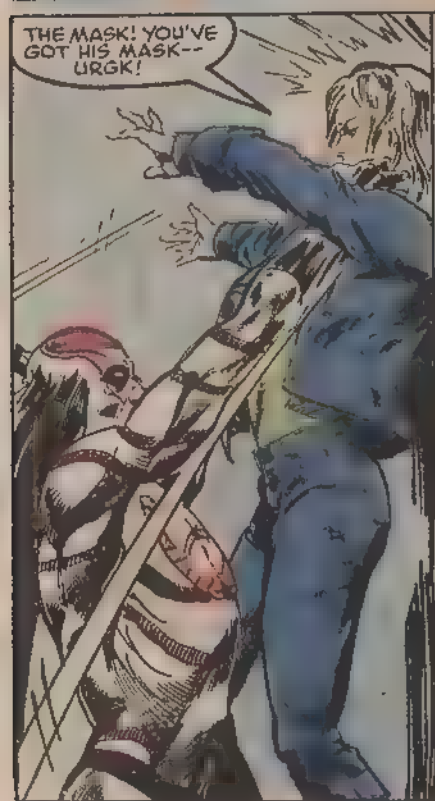
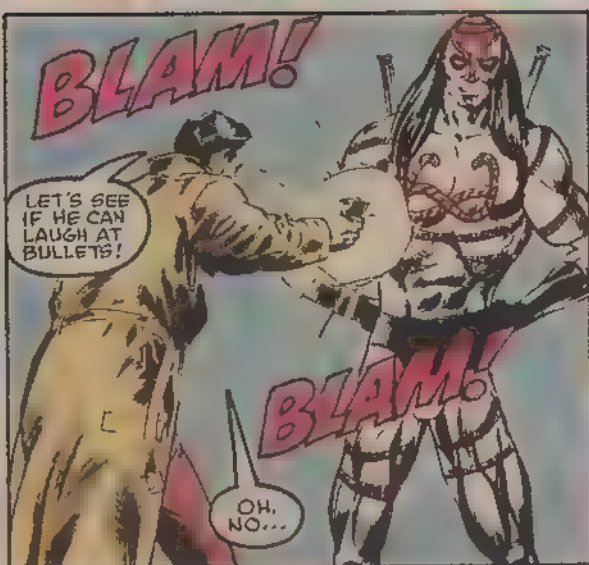
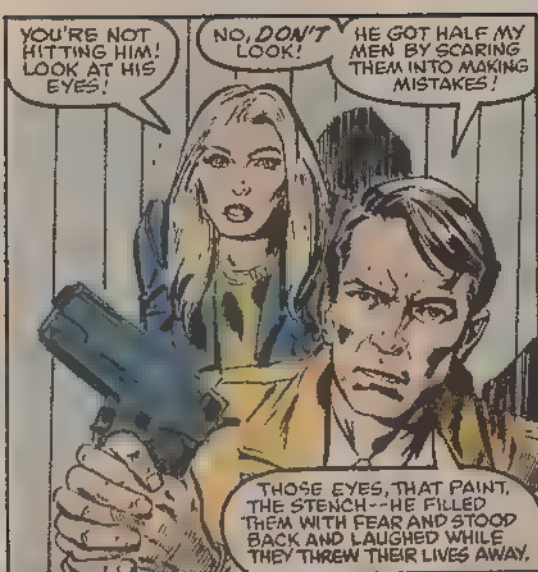


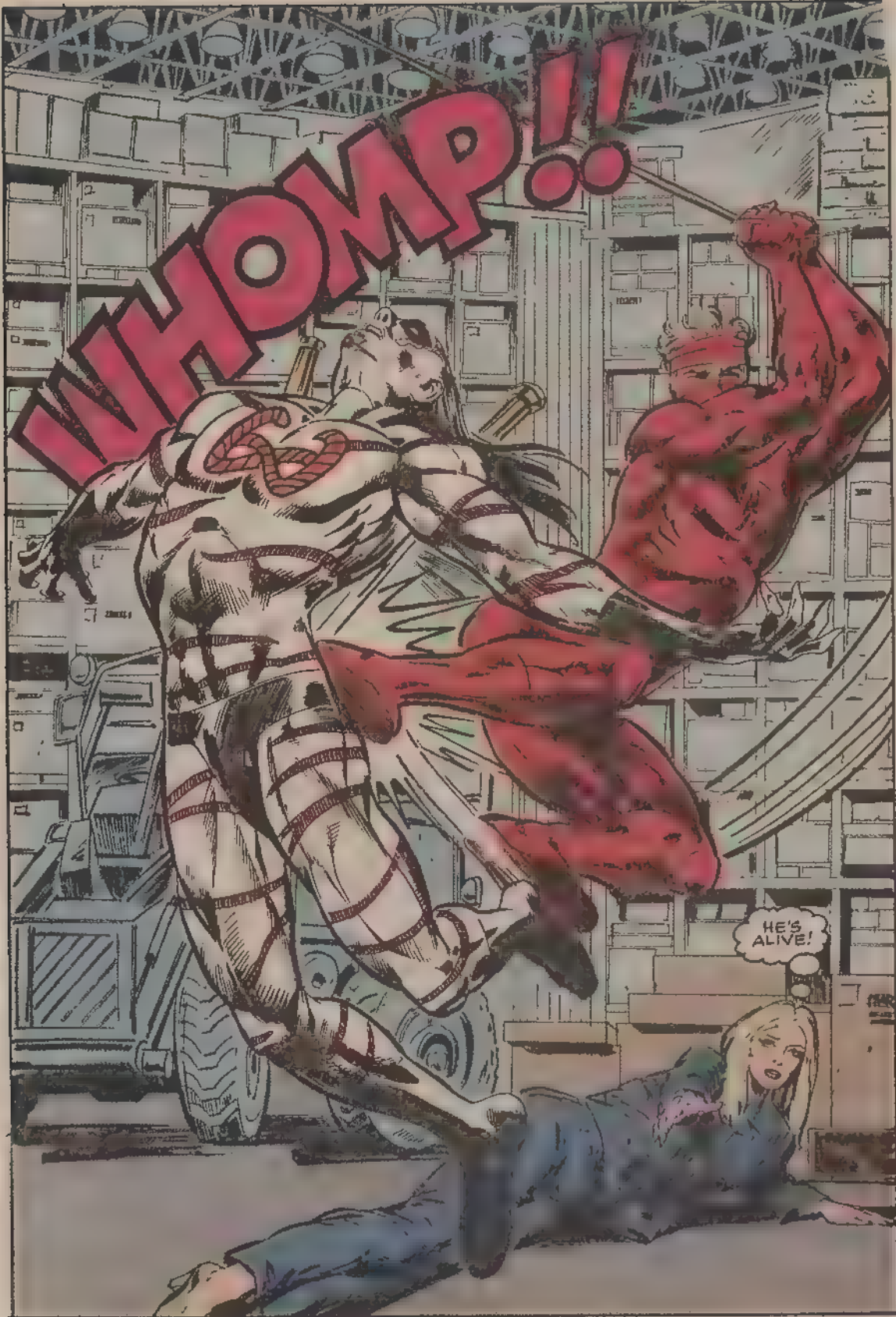
AAAA... BEHIND ME--!

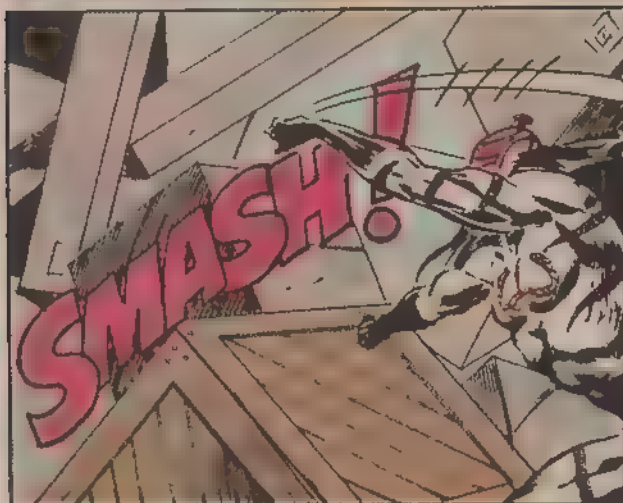
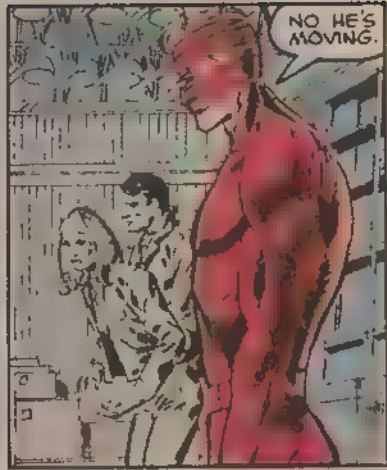
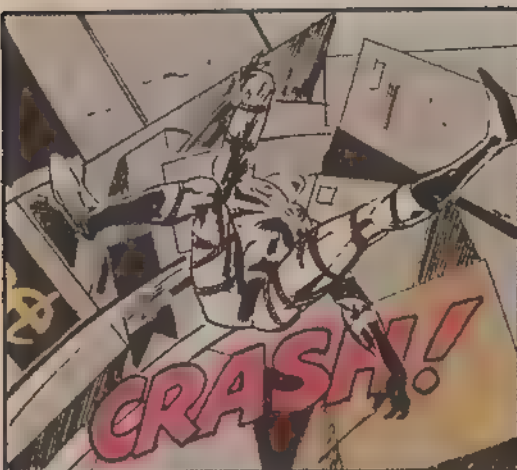
ABEEERG!

SLASH!

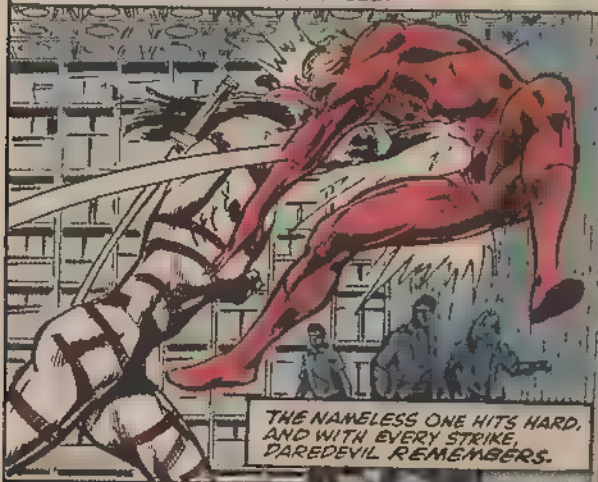






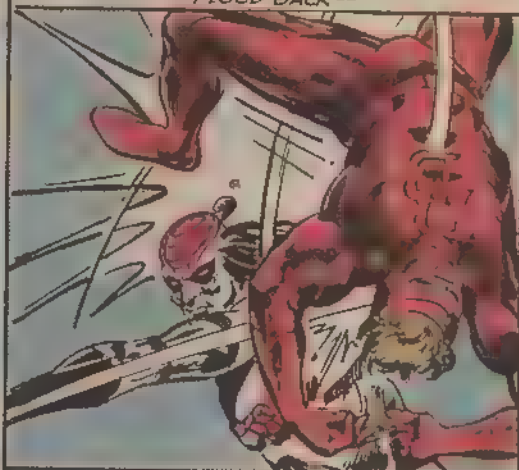


AN INTENSE PHYSICAL MEMORY IS SOMETIMES STORED RIGHT IN THE MUSCLES.

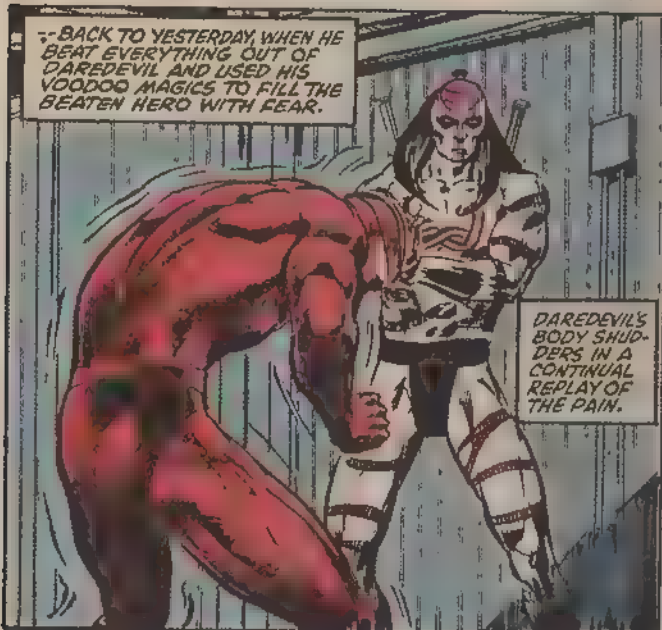


THE NAMELESS ONE HITS HARD, AND WITH EVERY STRIKE, DAREDEVIL REMEMBERS.

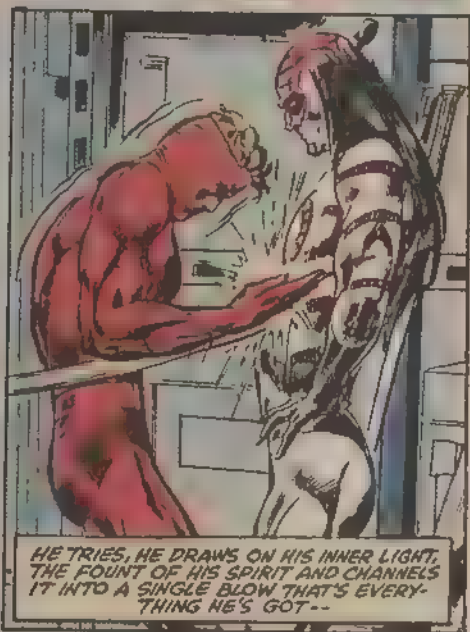
EACH BLOW HITS THE RIGHT NERVES, METHODICALLY FORCING THE MEMORY TO AWAKEN AND FLOOD BACK--



-- BACK TO YESTERDAY, WHEN HE BEAT EVERYTHING OUT OF DAREDEVIL AND USED HIS Voodoo MAGICS TO FILL THE BEATEN HERO WITH FEAR.

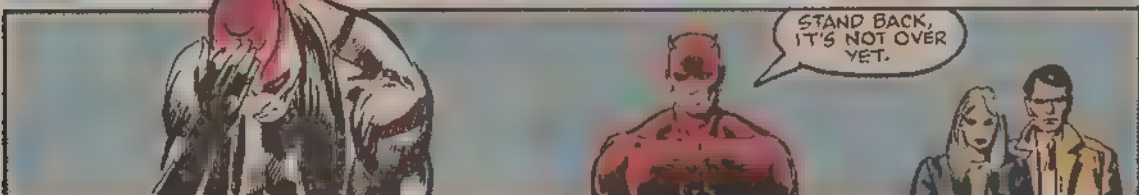
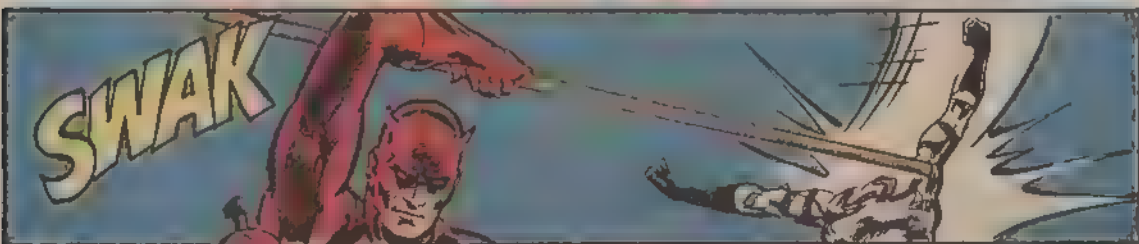
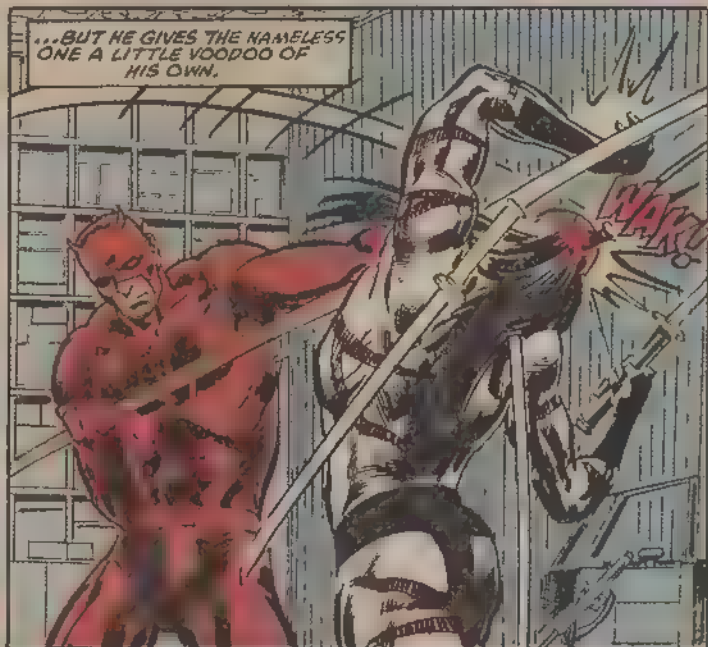
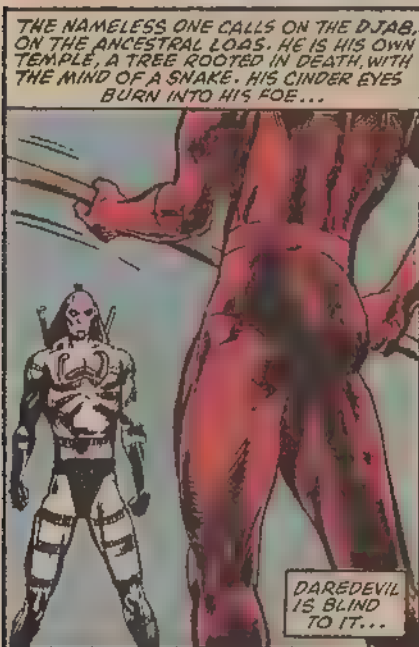
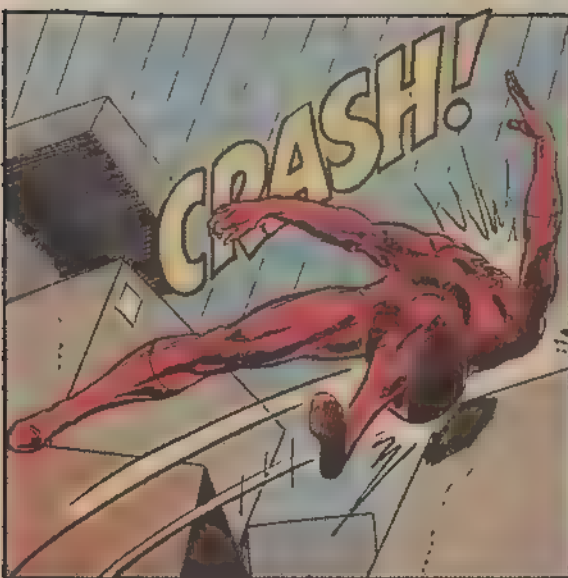


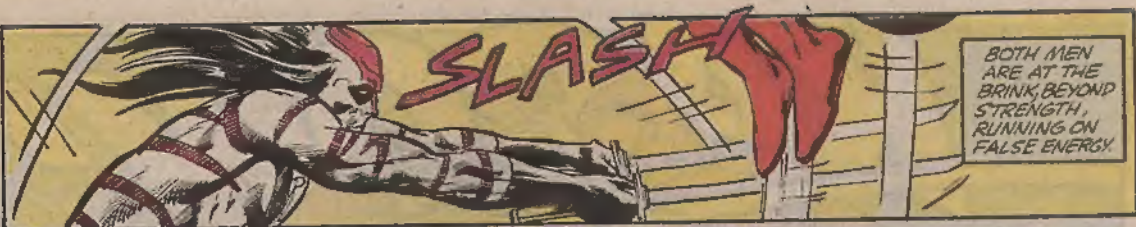
DAREDEVIL'S BODY SHUD-DERS IN A CONTINUAL REPLAY OF THE PAIN.



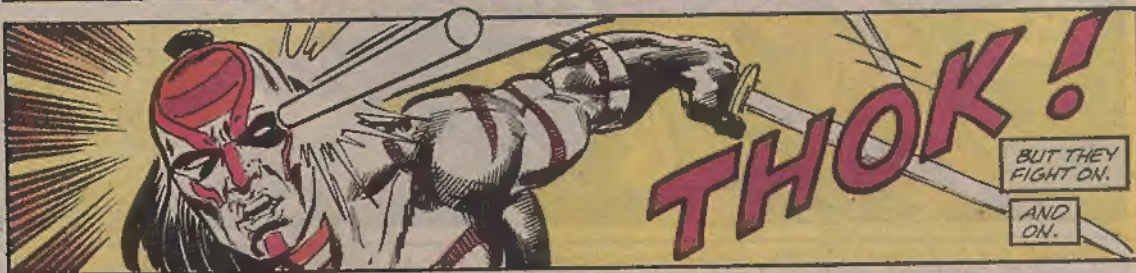
HE TRIES, HE DRAWS ON HIS INNER LIGHT, THE FOUNT OF HIS SPIRIT AND CHANNELS IT INTO A SINGLE BLOW THAT'S EVERY-THING HE'S GOT--





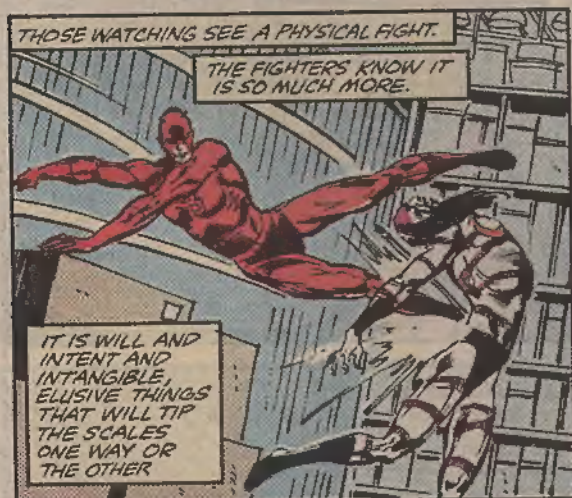


BOTH MEN
ARE AT THE
BRINK, BEYOND
STRENGTH,
RUNNING ON
FALSE ENERGY.



BUT THEY
FIGHT ON.

AND
ON.



THOSE WATCHING SEE A PHYSICAL FIGHT.

THE FIGHTERS KNOW IT
IS SO MUCH MORE.

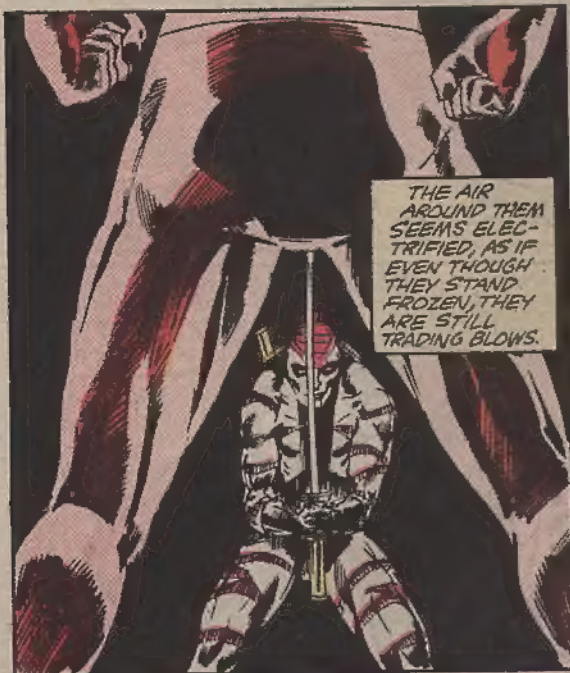
IT IS WILL AND
INTENT AND
INTANGIBLE,
ELUSIVE THINGS
THAT WILL TIP
THE SCALES
ONE WAY OR
THE OTHER



IT ALL COMES DOWN TO
THE LAST STAND, THE
FINAL BLOW.



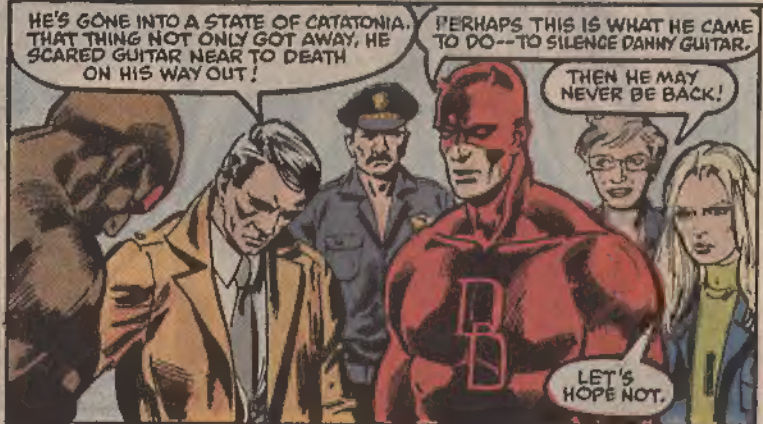
ONE WILL FALL,
ONE WILL STAND.



THE AIR
AROUND THEM
SEEMS ELEC-
TRIFIED, AS IF
EVEN THOUGH
THEY STAND
FROZEN, THEY
ARE STILL
TRADING BLOWS.



THEY ARE. AND
THEY HAVE ONE
MORE TO GO.



LATER. I WONDER...IF WE'D ALL STAYED OUT OF THIS ONE, PERHAPS THAT CREATURE WOULD HAVE TAKEN CARE OF HIS OWN, AND BEEN GONE.

WE JUST DIDN'T UNDERSTAND HIS WAY OF JUSTICE. AS SO FEW UNDERSTAND MINE.

KAREN. I WANT TO TOUCH HER, HOLD HER... BUT LATELY, MY TOUCH MAKES HER CRINGE.

IT'S THE GLOVES, THIS COSTUME, WHAT IT STANDS FOR IN HER EYES.

NO, DON'T TAKE OFF YOUR GLOVES.

TOUCH ME.

BUT KAREN-- MY GLOVES HOLD FISTS, IN YOUR WORDS-- THE BLOODY FISTS OF A VIOLENT MAN--

YOUR VIOLENCE SAVED US ALL TO-NIGHT. YOU ARE WHAT YOU ARE, AND WHATEVER THAT IS-- I LOVE IT.

I KNOW YOU ONLY USE YOUR FISTS TO GAVE LIVES.

I'M SORRY I EVER DOUBTED YOU. I'LL NEVER LOSE FAITH AGAIN.

HOLD ME.

AND ON ANOTHER ROOF NEARBY...

THE RED MAN UNDERSTANDS.

YES, HE DOES. THERE WAS A COMMUNION HERE, WE HAVE EXCHANGED FISTS...AND FEAR.

YOU AND I SILENCED THE RENEGADE, PRESERVED OUR SACRED QUEST, AND PERHAPS MADE AN ALLY.

YOU CAN LEARN MUCH ABOUT A MAN BY THE WAY HE FIGHTS. OUR BOND IS UNSPOKEN, BUT STRONG.

IT IS IN OUR FUTURE TO KNOW THE RED MAN AGAIN.

NEXT: DAREDEVIL TEAMS UP WITH THE **BLACK PANTHER** IN **BURN!**



DAREDEVIL



#COMICS
DAREDEVIL

